

his not-stolen Harley for a white
Volks which we drove so much and so far

twice the brakes, clutch and engine had to
be replaced, and the sunroof wouldn't
roll back anymore, the radio
knobs broke off, the seats and windows stuck,
so we sold it and bought an Audi Fox

and I've regretted it every day since.

I KNOW IT WAS ONLY A COINCIDENCE

I know it was only a coincidence that after
I read in that book on witchcraft that it
brought bad luck to take a lock of hair
from the dead and I cut a curl from my
dying grandmother for a keepsake that I
began to have the worst luck of my life:

I caught the flu and missed 2 week's work.
My boss started picking on me.

My boss fired me.

I missed my plane to San Francisco.

My tooth abscessed and I had to have
a root canal.

A spider bit me.

My car broke down on the freeway.

And I caught my husband with another woman.

So I threw away the lock of my
grandmother's hair and immediately
my luck changed for the good.

I know it was only a coincidence.

DEAD MOVIE STARS COME TO ME IN DREAMS

Cary Grant saved me one night from a mudslide,
John Wayne bought my mother and me roast beef
in an English pub, Natalie Wood came weeping,
telling me she didn't like being dead or those
Dead Natalie Wood jokes they were cracking all
over L.A., Rock Hudson wanted to marry me
because he loved my black bean soup, and my
first husband who was handsome as a movie star
in his youth came to me the night he died
holding a vodka bottle and looking sad and shy

because it had been 21 years since we'd seen each other and he didn't know what to say, and other dead people come to me and ask me to tell their loved ones they miss them but if I did they'd think me crazy, or worse, an extortionist. I wish I could make this ability, or affliction, whichever, willful and beneficial to peoplekind, could summon forth Rachel Carson and Lincoln to save the world, Nietzsche and Einstein to tell us The Next Important Thing, Buddha and Christ to light the way, but best of all, Elvis to teach us to sing, drive a white Cadillac car, and play a rock 'n' roll electric guitar.

SERGEANT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND

It's hard to believe today how bellybuttons once drove men crazy in 1965, the raison d'être, original sin of go-go bars when French bikinis were banned on state beaches and tv and I wouldn't wear one at first, wore leotards or costumes showing just a bit of midriff, Abner's 5's bosses not caring, a shy new girl gave the place class but it drove the guys crazy, one guy offering me one day \$20 to show him my belly button. I don't have one, I told him, but he didn't believe me, I'm a Martian, I told him, but he didn't believe that either, just got drunker and drunker and yelled all afternoon, Hey baby, lemme see yer bellybutton, but I kept saying no. It's all so silly nowadays. I sure could've used that \$20 then. I still could.

DIVERSIFIED

He wanted to make me a star. Then why are you looking for one in a sleazy beer bar? "Ah," he said, lighting his cigar, "you're cautious. I admire that in a woman."